

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, May 24, 1878.

W. F. Walton, Editor

Two or three years ago Judge Durham had the credit of procuring the passage in Congress of a bill appropriating \$70,000 toward the improvement of Cumberland River, contrary to his objections to governmental appropriations or subsidies. The bill for the benefit of the Cumberland was tacked on to a long list of appropriations, aggregating millions of dollars, and in this manner he got it through. Durham knew as well as every body else that the amount appropriated wouldn't help the Cumberland a bit, but he knew there was campaign capital in it, and so used it in his last race. About \$25,000 of this money has been spent in playing around in Smith shoals, which are about seven miles long, and on Saturday morning last Messrs. Jones and Elliott started from their coal banks in Pulaski, about 33 flat boats of coal. Eighteen of them started through the shoals, each of which went under, causing a loss in boats and coal of about \$20,000, the life of one man and the narrow escape of a number of others. Word was sent up the river to the other boats, and they were stopped in time to prevent further loss. It is understood that Messrs. Jones & Elliott will bring suit against the government to re-compense them for their loss, alleging that the new dam constructed by the engineer and contractor make the river much more difficult to navigate than before. Mr. Durham is not likely to refer a great many times in the next canvas to the bill "I had passed!" That's played out!

UNWILLING that the evil deeds of their party should be investigated, the Republicans in Congress did all in their power to prevent the passage of the resolutions to investigate the Louisiana and Florida frauds at the last Presidential election. A good number of Democrats, who should ever hereafter be kept before the party as men who were too cowardly to stand up to their duty, dodged around for several days, and the Republicans, seeing that if they failed to vote the proceedings would come to a stand still for want of a quorum, refused to do so, and it was not until Friday that a sufficient number of Democrats was present to pass the resolutions, when the vote stood 145 yeas to 2 nays. Subsequently the Speaker announced the following gentlemen as members of the Investigating Committee: Clarkson N. Potter, (Dem.) New York; Wm. R. Morrison, (Dem.) Illinois; Eppa Hunton, (Dem.) Virginia; John A. McMahon, (Dem.) Ohio; J. C. S. Blackburn, (Dem.) Kentucky; W. S. Stenger, (Dem.) Pennsylvania; James R. Cobb, (Dem.) Indiana; B. F. Butler, (Rep.) Massachusetts; Frank Hiscock, (Rep.) New York; J. D. Cox, (Rep.) Ohio, and Thomas B. Reed, (Rep.) Maine.

NEWSPAPERS.—Prof. Spencer Baird has been elected Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Prof. Henry.... The receipts of the Cincinnati Musical Festival were about \$30,000 more than expenses..... Russia's late war cost her five hundred million of dollars, and yet she is not satisfied..... Lydia Sherman, the modern Lucretia Borgia, who was serving out a life sentence in the Connecticut Penitentiary for the murder of her three husbands and seven children, died last week.... J. H. Fore, the man who murdered his brother and tried to kill his wife, in 1871, was murdered in the Missouri Penitentiary by another convict. The deed was done with a pocket-knife. Fore receiving fourteen different stabs..... Jeff. Davis, a negro murderer, who was to have hung on the 17th, in Abbeville, S. C., was reprieved by Governor Hampton till June 15th. The respite did not reach the condemned man until after the Sheriff had adjusted the rope around his neck, and the last farewells had been said.

MRS. ELIZABETH TILTON is again before the public. Gossips of Brooklyn say that Tilton has been in the habit of secretly visiting his old love, and that the resumption of their marital relations will be made manifest in less than three months, and that the infant will be the pledge of restored love between the two. The Examining Committee appointed to consider the propriety of dropping Mrs. Tilton's name from the church rolls have decided to postpone their action till Fall, to allow the developments that will make clear.

The Precinct Delegates chosen at the Primary Election in Pulaski met in Convention last Monday and nominated the following Republican ticket: For County Judge, J. E. Cason; County Attorney, G. W. Shadron; County Clerk, C. B. Bore; Sheriff, W. S. Shepperd; Assessor, F. B. Linnville; Surveyor, W. J. Davidson; Coroner, Perry Goff.

It is understood that the Republican campaign managers have decided to levy on each Republican Senator for \$100, each Republican Congressman for \$50, the President for \$5,000 and \$500 apiece from the members of the Cabinet, and the boys will either have to pony up or resign.

An old man named Marshall Meece, who formerly resided in Pulaski, but now lives in Lebanon, was bound hand and foot by two young men and placed across the railroad track near the latter place, on Saturday night last. In this condition he was found by the town marshal. He was in a senseless state, but subsequently recovered, and swore out writs against the young men, who were lodged in jail to await examination.

EMMETT LOGAN has attained in the few short years of his life, a distinction that many people live and die without achieving. A gentleman in Franklin county, says the Yeomen, has named a stud-horse after him. Logan can now retire from the journalistic field that he has so greatly adorned, satisfied that he has reached the highest pinnacle of fame. Whoa, Logan.

HON. W. O. BRADLEY was present at the Pulaski Republican Convention, and signified his determination not to make the race for Congress. Mr. Bradley is tired of playing the part of the innocent lamb in the sacrifice, and wants to let some other man of his party see how badly the Democrats can beat him in the District.

A COVINGTON girl last week fell in love, was courted, proposed to, accepted and married in less than five hours. A Northern man who represented himself as an oil producer, is the hero of the romance, and both are now, no doubt, regretting that the fool-killer hadn't got them both before the little transaction.

TO-DAY is the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, and the 41st of her accession to the throne. The event will be celebrated in grand style throughout her kingdom and by her loyal subjects everywhere.

It is reported that Hayes has mildly intimated to Key, that his resignation would be very acceptable to him. Key ought to resign and go and hang himself.

BORN of the Somerset papers, the Reporter and the Citizen, indulged in "Extras" this week to give an account of the great coal loss in the Cumberland.

JUDGE SAM'L M. BOONE, of Winchester, the great Murphy orator, has announced himself as a candidate for Register of the Land Office.

BEN BUTLER voted straight along with the Democrats while the Presidential title investigation resolutions were pending.

HON. WM. MCKEE FOX formally announced himself as a candidate for Congress at the Pulaski County Court last Monday.

BOYLE COUNTY NEWS.

Danville.

THE BIGGEST THING ON ICE.

Chan Reticker's California Racing Association Troupe of Indians and Mexicans will be here on the 30th.

BLOODED STOCK.

Sylvia Springer and Nellie Booker, two race mares owned by Mr. James Guest, of this country, ran in the Louisville races.

BOARDING IN JAIL.

Frank Slattery, against whom \$2,500 damages were assessed for assault and battery upon the person of a certain Minnie Wilhart, being unable to raise the required sum, was last week placed in jail.

YOUTHFUL PUGILISTS.

Two youths of our city, white and colored, engaged in a passage of arms in front of the post-office Tuesday, in which the colored combatant received a blow over the right eye from a plank, making an ugly wound.

COUNTY COURT DAY.

Auctioneer T. D. English reports as follows: Stock market active, with a large number of people in attendance. Cattle sold readily at from 3c to 4c, owing to quality. But little or no change in the horse and mule market. Quality of stock was fair. (See Capt. Bush's report in Land, Stock and Crop items.)

STRAWBERRY SUPPER.

The ladies of the Reform Church will give a strawberry supper at James' Hall this evening, the proceeds to be used for repairing their church. We sincerely hope their effort will be successful, since the building was very much defaced and the carpet almost ruined during the meetings held in it by Mr. Barnes.

HOP AT JAMES' HALL.

Mrs. Florence Moore, of Louisville, who has for some time past been giving dancing lessons here, will give a Hop at James' Hall next Tuesday evening. We learn that several couples from Louisville will be present. The affair will be an elegant one, and we are requested to extend a cordial invitation to the young people of Stan ford to attend. Music will be furnished by Eichorn's String Band.

RELIGIOUS.

The Rev. Mr. Henderson, pastor of the 2nd Presbyterian church, preached at Paint Lick on last Sabbath. Mr. J. C. Young held divine service in the Reform church on Sunday afternoon. Immediately after this latter service, a committee of gentlemen from the various churches of the town held a meeting in order to establish rules and regulations for holding a series of Bible-readings and a weekly prayer meeting.

The prayer meetings will be held every Thursday evening at Bell Seminary, and the next Bible-reading on Sunday afternoon at the Reform church. This is one of the good results of Mr. Barnes' sabbath in our midst.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. A. Williams, Principal of Daughers' College, Harrodsburg, with his wife, dined at the Clemens House last Saturday. Miss Besse K. Stodghill, the bright regular star of our village firmament, left on Monday for a lengthy visit to her sister at Jackson, Tenn. Miss Ella de Roode, of Lexington, is visiting the Misses Tunis. Mr. C. W. Metcalf is in Cincinnati this week. Mr. W. E. McAfee, of Louisville, made us a short visit last week. Judge Breckinridge attended the grand meeting of the Knights of Honor in Nashville last week. Messrs. J. C. Twyman and J. B. Adams, two handsome bachelors of this place, left for Louisville this morning, ostensibly on business. The Races are going on there this week! We had the pleasure

SAPPHO.

this afternoon of "clipping in friendly grasp" the hand of Mr. W. B. Hansford, the gentlemanly solicitor for the Pulaski Citizen.

GARFIELD COUNTY NEWS.

LAWRENCE.

WHAT'S UP?

Louisville is mysteriously attractive this week to our gentlemen.

FINE TEAMS.

Mr. Clark Farris' fine teams give our streets a distinguished appearance.

THE GREAT RACING ASSOCIATION.

Of which we hear so much is posting bills all about for an exhibition in this section.

JUDGE.

Tell Daisy Burnside not to be in a hurry about that name. We are going to hunt up an uncommonly pretty one. Beets Jude wonderfully.

THE HON. J. J. DURHAM.

Will address the people of Garrard at the Court-house on Saturday next. The Congressional race bids fair to become quite the close.

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TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS, &c.

The nomads of the highway are making their appearance in small squads, these fair days. The usual stories of sick bands, no work, starving children, &c.

ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Sallie Burdett, of this place, while riding in a carriage with a friend at Parks ville, was thrown out by the horse becoming unmanageable, and sustained painful injuries.

BASE BALL CONTESTS.

On Saturday morning there will be a game of Base Ball between the Kirkville first-nine and the second-nine of our Academy boys. In the afternoon our first-nine will play against the Nicholasville nine.

COURT NOTES.

The Court-house bell occasionally breaks up the monotony of these quiet days, but there are probably none but causal offenses on the docket. The celebrated road case that occupied last week's term of Common Pleas terminated in a tangle, so far as an intelligent report from an outsider is concerned. Suffice it that the end is not yet.

ARRESTS.

Last week our Town Marshal was compelled to wound a negro while attempting to arrest him. Another arrest was made of a disorderly man who was proved to be insane. He had a deep gash in his skull which was accidentally broken by his brother several years ago and the injury caused the brain to give way. The case was one to excite sympathy.

THE MANIA HAS REACHED LANCASTER.

Pedestrianism is penetrating even our quiet town where novelty requires time to take root. Little Marshal Neel undertook to ride his stick horse to Lancaster Wednesday morning, and was actually under way when picked up by Mr. A. C. Robinson. This might be considered a *faul* (spell it any way you like) for a three or four-year old aspirant. He said his horse would stand the train!

PERSONAL.

Mr. Oscar Tillett is now living in Lancaster, Miss Mary Tillett, of Lexington, is his guest this week. Misses Hattie Reid, Maggie Dunn and Eliza Reynolds are at Harrodsburg, in the capacity of delegates to the State Baptist Association. Miss Mattie Price, of Lexington, is spending a few days with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Durham, of Danville, were in town attending the Floral Festival, on Tuesday night. Mr. Wm. Kinnaid, Jr., has gone to Parsons, Kansas, to enter the dry goods business with Mr. C. R. Millard, formerly a resident of our town. Mrs. J. A. Anderson is at Eminence visiting her parents. Miss Lillia Smith is at Harrodsburg on a visit.

CINCINNATI FESTIVAL.

There is a great deal given to the idea that Wm. Gaddis and Max' C. Gaddis, his wife, ex-Parte Plffs, in Equity,

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 15th, 1878.

The above desirable property, situated four miles South of Stanford, on a good country road. There are

SEVENTY ACRES

In the tract, several good calms and double log dwellings, etc., to give a man a home, which has received but little attention, and I may, with all due respect to you and some reserved rights, offer it to you at a reasonable price for a living, that you must pay, or excuse me for naming the already heavy tax heavier.

This property is a fine investment, and considerable previous to that time, and the tax book for 1878 will be turned over to me June 3rd, and all taxes paid for the year, except a small amount for a few days for the tax collector.

Attend to this before Court, pay in full or pay with high interest.

A. M. FELAND, S. L. C.

SUGAR LOAF

MINERAL SPRINGS.

THE UNDERWRITER WILL OFFER FOR SALE, TO THE HIGH-EST BIDDER, ON THE PREMISES.

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A BITTER LESSON.

CHAPTER I.
Theo Richmond looked handsome enough to have captivated any girl's heart, as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece, looking down with laughing eyes on the girl who was sitting on the low hockock in the bay window. Such a pretty, fairy-like thing, with golden hair tied back from her blossom face, and the dearest, prettiest pair of vivid lips.

Very sweet, very lovable; but with a despondency on her face that had no business there—with a little painful quiver on her warm lips that Theo did not see, else he would never have stoned looking so mischievously at her.

"Take my advice, Lilly— we all know what's in such cases—take my advice, and don't let Rex Merle make you so miserable. He likes you, sis—I know he does, because I said so—better than any girl he ever saw, and when he gets ready he'll propose, my word for it, unless you discourage him by being too—too, too anxious about him. You see, a fellow don't like a girl to let on she's in love with him, and 'pon honor, Lilly—don't get vexed now—but really do you let him know so well how much you like him."

A hot, mortified blush surged over her face.

"O Theo! I am sure I never did. I should die if I thought I had." Mr. Richmond caressed his mouth affectionately.

"Well, maybe you haven't. Only there's this one thing, that there's no surer way to make a fellow pony up—that is, if you want him to propose—than to firt with some other fellow, and arouse his jealousy, you know. Why don't you do it? There's Colonel Elmer; he's stylish and handsome, and a word from me will fit it all right."

"Oh, no! Oh, I couldn't, Theo. If Mr. Merle doesn't care for—any one, I am sure — O, Theo! there comes Colonel Elmer, now! Promise me you won't say a word!"

And she turned her flushed, nervous face toward him, her eyes shining with tears, her pretty mouth trembling, and he gave the promise as he sauntered off with the handsome military gentleman, with the mental reservation that he would not say a word to help his little sister through—he would say a number of them.

"Sylvia." And Lily went away up to her own room; and Mr. Rex Merle emerged from the curtains with a smile on his face.

"So that is the little game, is it? Miss Lily, I shall punish you for this—a little only, you loving little darling you! I will flirt as well as yourself; and if you and Colonel Elmer have a good time, so will the charming Mrs. Clandesley and myself? Two can play at your game, Miss Lily; and when I am tired of my part of it I will capitulate at your pretty feet, and we'll see where the laugh comes in!"

Of course his thoughts were silent ones—people never soliloquize who are blessed with their five senses—and Mr. Merle looked very delighted as he walked down toward the hotel where the beautiful widow was staying.

"Not that the mature charms of Mrs. Clandesley can win my heart from its allegiance to dear little Lily, but it will be a good lesson to her to make her appreciate my offer when I make it, as I certainly shall when I am ready, despite Colonel Elmer's attentions or the fair Sylvia's attractions."

That afternoon Mrs. Clandesley was uncommonly fascinating, and Mr. Merle stayed longer than he expected—so long, that when at last he went, he was just in time to see Colonel Elmer and Lily Richmond driving briskly along behind the Colonel's thoroughbreds. And a little appealing look on Lily's face, as they exchanged nods, told him plainer than ever where her young affection was.

And he lifted his hat with a careless smile, that smote her like a blow, and that made Colonel Elmer compress his lips in wrath at the "conceited puppyism of the rascal who dared trifle with such a little darling as Lily Richmond."

CHAPTER II.

The October banners of red and gold were hung gaily out, and a crisp frostiness was in the air that brought warm, glowing tints to Lily Richmond's cheeks, as she and Philip Elmer sauntered along the leaf-strewn road—the frost, or something, perhaps the earnestness in her escort's voice.

"It hardly seems possible it is the very last day, does it, Lilly? What a charming summer it has been—to me!"

"And to me as well. How I wish you were not going, Colonel Elmer."

"Do you really mean that? Oh, I dare say you do, come to think of it, because I have been so useful—" She looked suddenly at him.

Judge Durham, the great "practical farmer," self esteemed sent packages of flower seeds to friends at Monticello which, when planted, produced a crop of white clover.—[Pula ski Critiques.]

good friends since she had discovered that Theo had "spoken a word" to the Colonel.

"I will not. But there is one thing I must speak of, Lilly—I must tell you that if it were not that you loved fortunate Merle so grandly and nobly as you do, I would confess that—Lily! how can I be so particular and delicate in language, when my whole soul is calling out for you, my love, my darling, my white Lily!"

And by his death pale face, his earnest eyes, she knew that for him the farce was not a farce, but a reality. And she?

She felt her heart leap almost to her throat as she listened, and she lifted her sweet eyes for one glance at his impassioned face.

"I don't want my name in the papers that way," said Boggs.

"That's the way; always behind every body else. We never could hold our own along with our neighbors."

"But we couldn't hold our own if I went into bankruptcy," persisted Mr. Boggs.

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. B. "Don't the Squiggies, who went into bankruptcy last Summer, live just as well, if not a little better than before? Now, Mr. Boggs, do oblige me by buying you a file."

"Buying a file? What for?"

"So that you can file your petition. Do it this very day and it will be in the morning papers. Then your wife and children can hold their heads with the best of 'em. Some how I feel that we are under a sort of cloud now. People look at us as much as to say, 'There something the matter with the Boggs family.'"

"Mrs. Boggs, I never take advantage of nothing."

"I know it. And that's what keeps us under. But couldn't you put in a petition? You know there is a petition up stairs that we don't need. You could take it down and—"

"Woman, how foolishly you talk. You don't know anything about the business."

"But I do know that we are getting left, and it won't be long, you will find, before folks give up inviting us anywhere. Haven't you any liabilities?"

"I have liabilities," replied Boggs, "but I haven't any ability to lie."

"Oh, you're too nice for anything where the welfare of your family is concerned. Tell me about your assets."

"I wouldn't have any if I did a neighbor Sogg does across the street."

"How is that?"

"Why, the ass-sets around all day doing nothing, and it is no wonder that he had to apply to the bankrupt court for relief." Then Boggs laughed a low contented laugh at his joke.

Said Mrs. B. tartly, "you'll bankrupt your stock of wit if you keep drawing on it after that fashion. Then you won't become a bankrupt to my brother, who is with me for a day or so, in order to have their charmingly affectionate contents translated. Please let me see you to-night, and know I am, ever faithfully,

"Sylvia."

"P. S.—You remember how you addressed and subscribed your last letter to me?"

Her hands were trembling like aspen leaves as he read the suggestive note—suggestive of his folly in having carried his flirtation beyond the bounds of prudence—if there be such a boundary—suggestive of the beautiful West Indian's temper; suggestive of a suit for breach of promise would it be?

And he went into the house, made his preparations, and, after all his magnificent lolliness of the summer, sneaked away under cover of the darkness, a miserable, disappointed, disgusted man. While fair Lily was happy as the days were goldenly bright.

Boggs must certainly be driven into bankruptcy for self-protection if Congress doesn't repeat the bankrupt act and stop the foolishness.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—An amusing incident occurred at the Charles-ton, South Carolina, race track a few days ago. First Chance and Annie G. had been turned out to refresh themselves with a roll on the grass. After a short time spent in rolling about, these two horses came up together, without riders, bridles or saddles, and started themselves for a race around the track. The mare led gallantly for a little while, until old Chance became warmed up with the pace, when he forgot his politeness, and, laying his ears back on his neck, he made his run, passed her, and came in a neck ahead. They then stopped, turned around, trotted back to the stand to weigh out, walked about a few minutes, and ran around again. The horses then took another roll on the grass, looking as if they were satisfied that they had done their duty.

An old soldier relating his experience at a temperance meeting in Iowa, said that one time he got possession of two kegs of whisky, took them to camp, put a faucet in one of them, and passed the whisky around among the boys until they got pretty full. About the time the keg was empty, he said, for a moment his conscience told him he was doing wrong. He picked up an ax and knocked the head of the other keg in and (here he was interrupted by the deacons starting the bell) his ears were split, and he made his run, passed her, and came in a neck ahead. They then stopped, turned around, trotted back to the stand to weigh out, walked about a few minutes, and ran around again.

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satisfied that they had done their duty.

Death-bed repentance is too often

like those sailors who throw their valuable overboard in a storm. They

wouldn't do it if they could help it, and

are sorry that they must.

The Antecedents of Disease.

Among the antecedents of disease we instances in the circulation of the blood, an unnatural attitude of the body, and the like, indicating that the iron current is deficient in nutritive properties—a man, haggard look, inability to digest food, loss of appetite, sleep and strength, and a sensation of unnatural languor. All these may be regarded as among the indices of approaching disease, which will eventually attack the system, in advance. Investigate, however, with care, making choice of an exact agent, Histester's Stomach Bitter, an elixir which gives health and vigor to myriads of the sick and debilitated, which is avouched safe by physicians and analysis to be pure as well as effective, which is immensely popular in this country, and extensively used abroad, and which has been for years past one of the leading medicinal staples of America.

And he lifted his hat with a care-free smile, that smote her like a blow, and that made Colonel Elmer compress his lips in wrath at the "conceited puppyism of the rascal who dared trifle with such a little darling as Lily Richmond."

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ages of flower seeds to friends at Monticello which, when planted, produced a crop of white clover.—[Pula ski Critiques.]

Boggs Urged to go into Bankruptcy.

"Boggs," said Mrs. B. suddenly, the other evening, looking up from the paper she was reading, "why don't you go into bankruptcy and have some style about you?"

"Go into bankruptcy?" repeated Boggs, "what for?"

"Because it is the fashion," replied Mrs. B. "Every body who is any body goes into bankruptcy nowadays. Our neighbors are all getting the start of us. Here's Sogg, who lives across the street, he is in the list to-day. Now we have lived in this town a good deal longer than Sogg has. Why couldn't you have got your name in the newspapers of the world as well as he?"

"I don't want my name in the papers that way," said Boggs.

"That's the way; always behind every body else. We never could hold our own along with our neighbors."

"But we couldn't hold our own if I went into bankruptcy," persisted Mr. Boggs.

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"'Cause it is the fashion," replied Mrs. B. "Every body who is any body goes into bankruptcy nowadays. Our neighbors are all getting the start of us. Here's Sogg, who lives across the street, he is in the list to-day. Now we have lived in this town a good deal longer than Sogg has. Why couldn't you have got your name in the newspapers of the world as well as he?"

"I don't want my name in the papers that way," said Boggs.

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